

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 12. No. 4. 1st June, 1939.





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INDEPENDENT FACTORY

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club*  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney

Vol. 12.

JUNE, 1939.

No. 4.

Chairman:  
W. W. HILL

•

Treasurer:  
S. E. CHATTERTON

•

Committee:  
H. C. BARTLEY  
GEORGE CHIENE  
JOHN HICKEY  
JOHN H. O'DEA  
JOHN A. ROLES  
W. J. SMITH  
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•

Secretary:  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 9th September, 1939.



# The Club Man's Diary

June Birthdays: Mr. Hans J. Robertson, 7th; Mr. S. Baker, 9th; Messrs. James Barnes, C. E. Young, A. Bailey, 11th; Mr. E. J. Watt, 13th; Dr. J. C. B. Allen, 17th; Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward, 18th; Mr. C. M. W. Purves and Mr. N. Schureck, 19th; Mr. F. G. Underwood, 20th; Mr. A. J. Genge, 29th.

Mr. Barnes will celebrate the 83rd anniversary of his birth and to the former chairman of the club we extend the warmest greetings and congratulations in common with our good wishes to all fellow members named in the foregoing list.

\* \* \*

Among trippers abroad: Mr. W. J. Field, general manager and a director of the Texas Co. (Australasia) Ltd., accompanied by his wife and his daughter; Mr. W. H. Spooner, of Hungerford, Spooner and Co., accompanied by his wife; Mr. F. K. McEachern, director of Harvey Trinden (New South Wales) Pty. Ltd., accompanied by his wife.

\* \* \*

Anybody who has lived in the country is aware of the Pastures Protection Board, its definite place in the rural scheme of things, the good it does, and its power! Altogether a worthy institution as everybody agrees. The club has a member who may at this time take a bow. He is Mr. H. Moulder, M.L.C., now in his third term as chairman of the Pastures Protection Board's Council.

\* \* \*

We always have a friendly nod for our banker, without unnecessary emphasis on the nod; but we take personally into account the good fellowship of fellow member C. A. Tonking and congratulate him on his appointment as inspector for N.S.W., resident in Sydney, for the Bank of Australasia.

There was never a kindlier fellow, a companion more amiable, a stauncher mate than George Marlow. Now that he has passed we bear him in memory for those qualities. Such a memory he bequeathed us. George was not a man who had his good days and his bad days, temperamentally. Always he was the same to all men. His under-



Mr. George Marlow.

standing of humanity was enriched by a life that brought him into contact with all types and conditions, and this accounted, too, for an unwavering tolerance.

As you saw him daily at the dominoes tables, calm when others were ruffled, slipping in a sly aside to ease the tension, so you found George Marlow in his approach to life in general. He was never known to squeal—not in any circumstances. He set an example in sportsmanship. His service was never stinted in any cause. His personal loyalties were abiding. Everybody knew where he stood. He was not subject to caprice. People called him friend.

George Marlow was elected a member of this club on March 25, 1918, was elected a committeeman on November 24, 1924, and had served continuously until the day of his death.

When he came from his native England to Sydney at an early age, he chose the stage as a career, and appeared in melodramatic productions before starting on his own behalf as a producer. He built the Grand Opera House (now the Tivoli) in Castlereagh Street, Sydney, about 26 years ago, and produced his plays there for many years.

Horseracing he loved. His colours were carried by Somnolent, Halifax and Georgio, among others. They returned him a good deal of pleasure, at any rate. He had his bets but, as he often said, he liked to regard a day at the races as an outing, at which one met congenial company and came away with the memory of good finishes.

To his widow and his daughter and to members of his family in general, we offer our sincere sympathy and a tribute such as we have paid here to one who proved in all things faithful.

\* \* \*

When we recorded recently the fact that Mr. W. Higgins had travelled by air to England it was with the knowledge that his health had given his friends here and in New Zealand cause for grave concern. All hoped this fine sportsman would be spared a greater share of life for he had put into it so much for the good of others. It was not to be. He passed in London. Mr. Higgins was a New Zealander but he was almost as well known in Australia because of the frequency of his visits and the horses that raced here in his nomination. His was a figure that stood above the crowd in sporting stature. A bright memory remains.



Glasses clinked, and voices were uplifted in song as members crowding the club room on May 24 took farewell of their hon. treasurer, Mr. S. E. Chatterton. It was a sincere response to the toast proposed by the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill): 'Good luck and bon voyage to Stan.' Mr. Hill put the sentiments of members nicely into words, and, as he always does, briefly: "Mr. Chatterton goes away with feelings of gratitude on our part because of the time he gives ungrudgingly out of a crowded business life to club affairs."

Mr. Chatterton said in reply that the goodwill of members evidenced in such a great gathering recompensed him for service he had, with others, given the club. While abroad he would be on the look-out for ideas in clubs he intended visiting and there would remain in his mind a warm memory of his fellow members.

The gathering was one of the largest and most representative held in the club—a striking tribute to the personal popularity of Mr. Chatterton and to the general recognition of his loyalty to the office he has filled since 1932.

Mr. Steve Blau, who will be a fellow passenger of Mr. Chatterton as far as America, was also wished bon voyage.

Those Rugby Union forwards in representative class, who rucked it in the days of Frank Underwood, are mostly boyhood memories to me, and though the forms of many

may be misty at this distance of time, I have a fast recollection of their mighty shouts—their warcries and their choruses. I heard them again in the booming basso of Mr. Underwood as he intensified the volume of song in Mr. Chatterton's honor, and gave throat to a tremendous "hip" to lead the cheering.

You may have your amazing backs. Leave me my red-blooded forwards—and the memory.



San Diego Club.

Latest of many kindred institutions overseas with which Tattersall's Club is affiliated, is the San Diego Club in California (U.S.A.). This means that by reciprocal arrangement our members and theirs on tour may avail themselves of the privilege of honorary membership and so meet kindred spirits eager

to make the traveller feel "at home among friends."

The San Diego Club is affiliated with 79 of the leading clubs of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Panama, London and Australia. Further, it stands high in the notable list among clubs enjoying international recognition in its realm. Abroad it has a tradition for hospitality. Within its walls Australians have experienced again the glow of their native land. The San Diego is a place of happy memories for many.

The picture here reproduced will give an idea of the proportions of the club. Its 14 floors include 90 sleeping rooms (for men and their families), dining rooms, bath and gymnasium departments and a colourful variety of private dining rooms.

\* \* \* \*

Ode to June:

*Oh, drafty June, you're out of tune  
With all the moods that make for song.*

*Oh, what a hapless, hopeless coon  
I feel, for all the world's gone wrong.*

*As on my icy way I jog  
I sneeze, I wheeze, beset by fog.*

*The siren shrieks at Benelong  
All through the night till chilly morn,  
And curses thick rain down upon  
This harbor loon . . . Oh, hopeless dawn!*

*On you, e'choo, a curse I swear—  
You slug, you thug . . . back to your lair!*

(Continued on Page 5.)

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## Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

A notable official was lost to the public service of the State by the death of Mr. E. J. Payne; a passing all the more poignant because of its unexpectedness. He had won a world of esteem as Public Trustee and later as chairman of the Public Service Board. Never did he allow the pressure of official duties to ruffle his natural courtesy. Power did not in any sense blunt his humanity. He was fair, courageous, faithful to his trust.

\* \* \*

Recording the appointment of Mr. Wallace Charles Wurth as chairman of the Public Service Board, "The Sun" wrote that he "brings to his duties both administrative and departmental knowledge of the working of the service, as he was associated with the Department of Labour and Industry as assistant under-secretary and industrial registrar for some years. Throughout he has shown capacity, determination and firmness and is expected to prove an outstanding chairman."

\* \* \*

Friends of Mr. Leo. Payten, who died after a fairly long illness, pay tribute to his memory as a kindly fellow and thoroughgoing sportsman. A well-known breeder, the late Mr. Payten raced some of his own horses. To his widow and two sons and to his brother, Mr. B. R. Payten, we offer sincere sympathy.

## Rural Members

*Mr. Lionel Israel, of Newcastle.*

Lionel Israel, of Newcastle, is one of those cheery individuals one meets in Newcastle to-day, and Melbourne or Sydney to-morrow.

Popular on all sides, Lionel has for long had large and varied business interests in Newcastle, and anyone who states they have visited the coal city and not run across "L.I." in one sphere or another, must have indeed had a very hurried trip. Conversant on almost any subject under the sun, Lionel's views carry weight and his logic is at all times beyond reproach. Mere words do not fall from his lips. He thinks before he speaks and when an utterance is made it means something and is concise to a point where distortion is impossible. His friends are legion, and when not engaged with his string of "prads" or paying immediate attention to his various business contacts, delights all and sundry with his genial personality. A great chap and a sincere companion of the lasting type.

*Mr. C. J. Mills, of New Lambton.*

Meet C. J. ("Toby") Mills, of Brett Street, New Lambton, Newcastle.

The massive form of "Toby" is well-known throughout Coalopolis,

while his hearty laugh is guaranteed to rock the rafters of the most substantial building extant. Here we have an example of radiant friendship personified. Our subject also has his serious moments, and can debate all the intricacies of theodolites and he probably knows more about the inch-age of Newcastle than many dozens of his fellows. But it is his cheery nature that appeals to all. Life is too short to pay heed to whimperers, may be accepted as his motto, which recalls a famous song of yesteryear which was starred by a comedian in the good old Tivoli days of Sydney round about the early part of this century. The lines come to mind readily whenever "Toby" is mentioned:

*"While we live, let's live in clover,  
When we're dead, we're dead all over!"*

A virile member of the Newcastle Jockey Club, his friends look for his company at every tick of the clock. Thus far he has not taken to bowls, but his friends round Hamilton way are hoping the day is not far distant when they will be able to enjoy a fair measure of his attention in person. Lucky the club which ranks him among its members.

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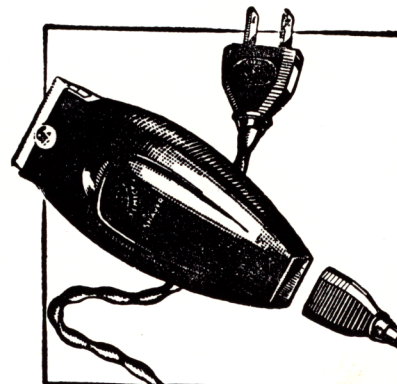
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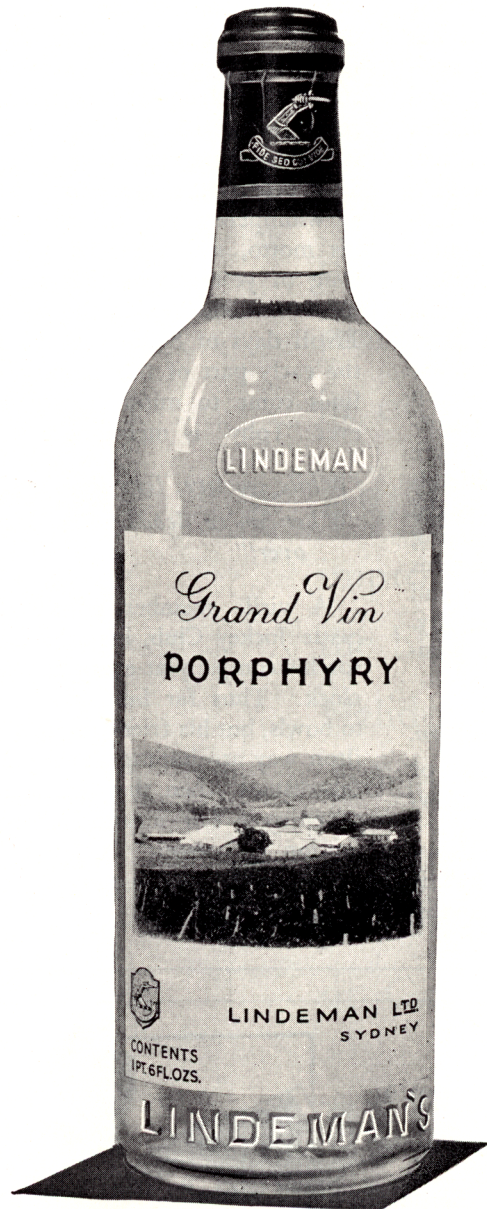


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# GATHERING KNUTS IN MAY

## *Personalities and Events at the May Meeting of Tattersall's Club*

You don't require to celebrate in champagne on the course when the weather at the club's May meeting claimed all the spice of bushland blended with the tang of ozone. It put a sparkle into everyone. It gave a rarer glow to the amber in so many tumblers, between races. It made Sir Land gambol like a sportive lambkin in Spring. It accounted for my selection in the James Barnes Plate wanting to turn about and run the other way—or so it seemed. And the red buds in the lapel of Lionel Bloom rivalled the blushes in the cheeks of the lady to whom had been purveyed the latest Limerick.

So much and so many were there to remind us of Time, garlanded by a succession of May meetings. When we brought into focus the scenes and the personalities of, say, a decade ago, change had not proved so very corrosive, it seemed. A little greying at the temples, perhaps, a finer sheen on top, were the more serious evidences of where the acid of age had touched.

Captain Lundgren, watching Sir Land's ballet performance, walked off laughing. "You like something with a kick in it?" I suggested. How I recall the night that he presided at a Swedish dinner, and how the kick in that Swedish punch was kicking next day! At one stage the whole field seemed to be galloping through my brain.

The Corinthian Handicap set me thinking so much of old times that I got Sir Land into my dreams. Somehow or other Mr. H. C. Bartley had mounted the gelding from the bush and urged him over the fence from the course proper into the birdcage. Then, to show how easy it was, Mr. Bartley picked up the horse, in the fashion of Big Chief Little Woolf's lifting of Mat Man Moen, a grapple preliminary to the aeroplane dump, and leaped out again on to the course.

My first thought on awakening was a conversation in the club previ-

ously with Mr. Bartley, in which I had estimated his weight at 15 stone 7 lbs. He told me that he had turned the scales at 18 stone odd, stripped, only a little while ago. In the circumstances, that was asking too much of any horse, even in a dream.

Not only did the amateur jockeys look well, generally they rode well. Wagering proved that the race was taken seriously, and it would appear that the club has sponsored an event destined to become a highlight.

Young Mr. K. Weber put up a cool and capable performance on Sir Land—and he got a great kick out of it.

Behind me in the official stand two gentlemen were making heavy weather in calculating how long it might be before an A.J.C. Derby winner would be landed if a syndicate threw in £200 each to a pool to make a purchase at the annual sale of yearlings.

Up till the time that I had moved away, nobody had mentioned the possibility of a battler's picking up a champion for 150 guineas when, at long last, the syndicate came upon a colt of Derby class.

Once that uncertainty, or the speculative factor, is lost to the racing game, half of its lure will have gone. A good thing for the game, too, that "the unexpected" often happens—the record holder is downed and we read on the posters: "Randwick shock."

If you want to know the precise meaning of concentration, study Mr. W. C. Douglass during the progress of a race. The world is that section within focus of his binoculars—and no more.

The Speaker (Mr. Weaver) was among the official guests at luncheon. How he must have appreciated a gathering with so many talking around him, and nobody making a speech. Just a toast by

the Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, "Gentlemen, the King!"

How would it go if a member of the Ministry were to step forward in the House, wave the draft of a Bill and call: "Gentlemen, the Law!" That, and nothing more.

Someone most of you know told me that, had not Palarang come home in the last, he would have been out of the game for good. Up to the last he was losing £500, far too much for him, as he admitted. As it happened, he showed a profit of £90 or so on the day. "Never again," he added, after taking me through the agony of mind he had endured. The moral is that a modest punter should be content at all times to remain a modest punter.

Generally I am on the look out for the unique. This meeting I found it in the star on the forehead of Brown Oak. Took the attraction as a tip—but it wasn't "Oke."

Nicest compliment heard on the course—Woman addressing Dale-don: "You're a lovely thing. The only unlovely thing I could wish you is that you should not win."

After the meeting I read an article on the naming of horses, picked up again my race book, observed many of the names, and concluded that they had been picked out of a hat or were the result of someone's having become mixed in an attempt to work out a cross-word puzzle.

If we grow dainty roses on the course, and weed the beds, why not give to classically bred horses names carrying less suggestion of weedy thinking?

The best thing about the James Barnes Plate, striking a personal note, was that James Barnes was there to see it run. And may he be there next year, and the year after, for many years in which the foals unborn and the yearlings unbroken to-day will take part in the James Barnes Plate.

—THE CLUB MAN





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## Message to Garcia

Word comes from California that Col. Andrew Summers Rowan, U.S.A., retired, now lies critically ill in an army hospital at the age of 82. His name may not spell anything remarkable to the present generation, but those of the citizenry who can hark back to the Spanish-American war know him as the man who carried the message to Garcia, a famous exploit immortalised by Elbert Hubbard's thrilling story.

As Hubbard told it, when war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate with the leader of the insurgent forces in Cuba. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President had to secure his co-operation, and quickly. What to do?

Some one said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for, and was given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things there is no special reason to tell in detail. The point was this:

"McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. Rowan took the letter and did not ask, 'Where is he?' by the eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land."

While Hubbard's story, told in his inimitable style, may have departed from the actual facts in a few details, it was a thrilling inspirational tale and through it tremendous popular circulation served a fine purpose. However, Lieut. Rowan, who eventually attained the rank of Colonel, received no official honors at the hands of the American people until twenty-four years later—in 1922—when he was given the Distinguished Service Cross. And only recently the Senate voted him permission to accept a special decoration from the Cuban Government.

Col. Rowan in later years deprecated the laudations which had been showered upon him for what he considered merely service in line of duty. But now as he goes down into the Valley of the Shadow such things bulk larger in memory, and it must be a source of satisfaction to him that these honors have finally been accorded him.



# Rhine and Moselle Wines

## Their Growth and Their Serving

(By Charles Hasslacher)

When the general public, in England, order a Hock from their wine merchant, or in a hotel or restaurant, they expect to receive a wine from the vineyards bordering the river Rhine. These wines are known in the land of their production, and in most other countries of the world, under the name of Rhine Wines.

The word "Hock" (probably derived from "Hochheim") as a generic term for Rhine Wines, has been used in this country for a long time—replacing the older word "Rhenish," formerly affected by Writers and poets. Unfortunately, the word "Hock" has, especially of late years, been used to make popular the white wines of some other countries, which would hardly be known under their own distinctive names.

Moselle (or Mosel) wines are the produce of the vineyards on the banks of the River Moselle and its tributaries, the vineyards commencing at a point not many miles above Trier (where the geological formation suddenly changes from a chalk subsoil to a slaty shale) to the point where the Moselle enters the Rhine at Coblenz. It is from the junction of the rivers that the town of Coblenz derives its name, being a corruption of the Roman "confluentia," meaning conflux. Even a passing view of the banks of the river, from a train, will show that the soil of the steep hills, bordering each bank of the Moselle, is very slaty and this, undoubtedly, is the cause of the characteristic Moselle flavour. These wines, on the whole, are lighter and more elegant, having less alcohol and fullness, than wines of a similar price from the neighbouring River Rhine. This difference in characteristics, no doubt, accounts for the poetic fancy which depicts the Moselle as a young girl and the Rhine as an old man.

By reference to an atlas, it will be seen that the wine-growing dis-

tricts of Germany are the most northerly in Europe, if not in the world, and, as is only to be expected, Nature puts many difficulties in the way of making good

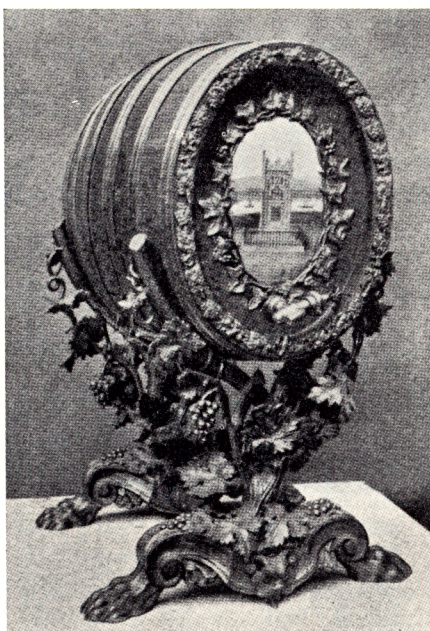
wines. There are not only the many natural enemies, both insect and fungoid pests, to be fought, but the risk of night frosts (in the early spring when the first shoots of the vine appear and also in the autumn when the grapes are ripening) is very much higher than in more southerly climes.

Most of the vineyards on the Moselle, and, to a large extent, those on the Rhine, are cultivated on steep terraced slopes, which, of course, make the work of tending them very much more laborious than if they were on level or undulating ground, as in most other countries. During the winter storms sweep the country, and it often happens that great quantities of soil are washed down to lower levels. If the vine roots on the upper slopes are not to be left uncovered and consequently deprived of nourishment, this soil has to be loaded into baskets and carried up again.

The direct result of these conditions is that the expenses incurred in cultivating the vineyards in Germany are much higher in proportion to those of other countries—hence the somewhat higher prices of Rhine and Moselle wines as compared with the produce of other wine-growing districts. On almost all wine lists there is a large selection of German wines, but the ultimate choice is made all the more difficult when the name of the responsible shipper is not inserted against each wine. Imagine the difficulty in choosing a Champagne, should the names, under which all Champagnes are known, not be quoted on the list! After the final selection is made, however, even the best wine can be spoilt if not properly served, and the following remarks may be of interest to readers.

The correct temperature at which to serve Rhine and Moselle wines

(Continued on page 20.)



A DECORATIVE WINE CASK AND ITS LEGEND.

*So far it has not been possible to trace the exact history of this cask, but it is reputed to have been presented to Her late MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, on the occasion of her 34th birthday, on the 24th May, 1853, which date appears on the enamel plaque, surmounted by the English Royal Coat of Arms.*

*The monument depicted is erected on the HOCHHEIM VICTORIA BERG, a hill with surrounding vineyards, which she graciously gave permission to be named after her as seen inscribed on the Monument Koenigin Victoria Berg (Queen Victoria Hill).*

*The cask came into the possession of the late Lord Kitchener and was subsequently purchased by Messrs. Dinebard and Co.*



# Woorak, Limelight and Gloaming

(By Dr. W. J. Stewart McKay.)

I have handled horses from the time I was a lad, as my father had the Rooty Hill and Minchinbury estates, and I spent much time there. I was early concerned with the fact that one horse could run six furlongs, while another could run a mile and a half; and so my main interest in racehorses was not from the betting point, but to endeavour to solve the problem of staying power. Having been a science student at the University before I became a medical man, I was familiar with the anatomy of all sorts of animals, but particularly with the horse. It was after I had hit on the heart as the key to the problem that I was able to turn this knowledge to a useful purpose, when indulging in the comparatively inexpensive amusement of taking doubles.

I will relate experiences with three horses to show what a thin line sometimes lies between failure and success. I shall start with Woorak, because I was very fond of this fellow, and he enabled me to win my best double. He was owned by that great sportsman the late Mr. L. K. S. Mackinnon, for many years Chairman of the V.R.C. Woorak was trained by that remarkable veteran Ike Foulsham. He was not at first Woorak's trainer, for Earnshaw, the trainer of that great horse Poseidon, had handled him as a two-year-old, and had had him when Woorak lost the A.J.C. Derby; for 12 furlongs was beyond his inherited heart's distance. He had, however, won the Craven Plate in record time.

In the Spring of 1915, Sir William Cooper had given Foulsham a horse to train, but he showed at times slight lameness, and Sir William asked me if I would go and examine the horse. I communicated with old Ike, and then went to

Earnshaw's stable, which Foulsham had taken after winning the Melbourne Cup for Mr. McKinnon with Kingsburgh in 1914.

The moment I saw Woorak I took a great fancy to him. His muscles were superb, and he had hind-quarters that looked ideal, so I made a mental note that he was good enough for a double.

Sir William Cooper's horse was



GLOAMING.

a fair horse, but was not sound, and I told Sir William that if Woorak were fit and well he would beat him in the Epsom.

Tattersall's meeting came along, and both horses were entered in the Tramway Handicap. Ike told me that Woorak was not ready, but that Sir William's horse had a good chance. An hour before the race was due to start there was brisk betting on the race for the daily double, and some of the books, thinking that Sir William's horse would have no chance against Woorak, went so far as to offer to lay against him at ten to one. I helped myself freely. Then Mr. McKinnon found old Ike and told him that Sir William had been to him and had said that he would like to win the Tramway; and so Woorak was to be taken out of the Tramway and was to be started in the

Chelmsford Stakes. Sir William's horse won the Tramway, and when the betting opened on the w.f.a. race Woorak was made a hot odds-on favourite. He ran, but as he was not ready he did not please, and when the races were over and the books were betting on the Epsom and Metropolitan, they made a dead set against him, and offered twenty to one against him. As I had won

four hundred on Sir William's horse, I sent a friend round to take eight thousand, and he had no difficulty in getting it. I knew it was a false price; but as I had it to nothing, and could lay some of it off, I was quite satisfied. I did not lay off; I kept it.

A month previous to Tattersall's meeting I was coming out of the Tivoli when dear old Jim Hackett, who was an old patient of mine, was standing at the door awaiting his wife. As I passed him, Jim said, *sotto voce*, "Do you want anything?" and, being like the old tippler who used

to wear a piece of blue ribbon, because he said "he liked to be tempted and he liked to fall," so I was tempted and fell, taking ten thousand to eighty Woorak and St. Carwyn.

When Rosehill came along the Saturday following Randwick, Foulsham decided to let Woorak run in the mile w.f.a. race. He was at odds-on, so I merely put enough on to cover the eighty pounds involved in the double.

The day was perfect, and Woorak, being a horse that could stand flat-footed at the barrier and then run the first furlong in eleven seconds, soon had the field in trouble, and won pulling up by four lengths. It is surprising what a difference one race will sometimes make to a horse!



This, I think, must have been the thought that came to more than one odds merchant that day.

A fortnight later came Randwick and the Epsom. All that I feared was that it might rain. Woorak had a peculiar action of his hind legs, and wet grass did not suit him. The day was fine, but disagreeable, for a north-west wind was blowing, which is against good time in the Randwick mile.

It was a big Epsom field, more than thirty horses, and as the books had not learnt their lesson properly at Rosehill, Woorak was actually three to one. I merely contented myself with taking two extra doubles, Woorak with two horses in the Metropolitan in case St. Carwyne failed me. It was good judgment, for these two horses ran second and third to St. Carwyne.

The start of the Epsom was delayed, and it was only after the race that Harry Mackeller, the starter, told me what a near thing it was that what looked like a certainty very nearly came undone. He said that Woorak was behaving himself, but that one horse was kicking, and as bad luck would have it, Woorak got the full force of his hind hoofs on his shoulder blade. The starter delayed the start, and told the jockey to walk Woorak about for some minutes. The race started, Woorak went to the front, and came home by four lengths in a canter.

Now Mr. McKinnon had lost faith in Woorak, and he told me that he had not put a shilling on Woorak for himself, but had backed his horse for five hundred for the jockey, so that he would do his best to win for me. That was an example of what a real sport the late Chairman of the V.R.C. was.

On Monday St. Carwyne won the second leg of the double. On Craven Plate day it rained so hard that I did not bother to look Foulsham up, but, having money to burn, I put a fair poultice on Woorak, but the kick and the wet day and the distance were too much for him, and he ran third to St. Carwyne at ten to one.

The rain continued, and I was thinking about going home, when someone came up and tapped me on

the back. I found it was a trainer named Want, who had a horse called Limelight that he was training for the Messrs. Main. He was an imported horse, but he had bad hoofs. It is a fact that an Englishman seldom consents to part with a good horse unless it has some defect. I always think of the story Phil May used to tell. Two Jews were walking along, and one asked the other if he would have one of his cigars. The other accepted it, saying at the same time, "Thanks; vot's up with it?" That is what you must always say to yourself if an English owner offers to part with a Sir Foote, an Antonio, or a Claro.

Want had asked me a month before the Epsom to have a look at the horse's feet, and I had suggested that he should get some leather boots made for each front foot, and put in some warm antiphlogistine every day, and make the horse wear the boots day and night. I had forgotten all about the horse, but Want said that his feet were now all right, and that the wet ground would suit him, and asked me to go to the stall and examine the horse's feet. I found them in good order, so when the betting began I was glad that the books would lay four to one, so I put five hundred on to cover my losses on the Craven Plate. It was the last race of the day and the distance was 12 furlongs. Everything went well until Limelight, who was leading, got within thirty feet of the winning post, when suddenly he gave a dive. It gave me such a shock that I shut my eyes, as I thought he had fallen. He had, but he was going at such a bat that he had fallen past the winning post, *but had won the race*. The poor fellow was completely broken down and never raced again. However at the stud he sired Salitros, and he won both the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derby.

Since that day I have always had a soft spot in my heart for antiphlogistine.

The third narrow squeak happened the day Gloaming won his first race at Randwick. The incomparable Mason used to come across from New Zealand every year because he suffered a good deal from

bronchial catarrh, and the change here from the severe N.Z. winter always bucked him up; especially if he added to his list of Derby winners. On one occasion he told me that he had won *thirty* Derbies! He was a gentle old chap, and although he often consulted me he never gave me a tip about any of his horses; and I never asked him.

In 1918 he arrived with a horse that had never started in a race, and, of course, everyone was eager to find out if he could gallop. Young D. O'Connor, a lightweight jockey, used to ride Gloaming at work, and one morning to Mason's horror, Gloaming ran away.

There was no further doubt about whether Gloaming was fast or not; too many sharp eyes had seen the gallop. Mason decided that as he had brought Gloaming to win the Derby, that he would give him a race in the Chelmsford over nine furlongs. As he had never started in a race he was awarded 6.10.

Now the week before the race was run J. T. Hackett had sent his art collection over from South Australia to be disposed of by James R. Lawson. Lot 1 was an exquisite pastel by a well known French artist, and I determined that I was going to possess it by hook or by crook. I thought of Gloaming. I knew where Mason stabled his horses; it was at a Randwick Hotel, kept by three sisters, all patients of mine. On the Thursday before the Chelmsford was run, by good fortune I was called to a consultation at Coogee, and on my way home, I stopped to greet the three dear old maids. When taking leave, one of them showed me to the door, and I asked her if Gloaming was in her stables. She said "Yes." Now when Mason had a sure thing he always came to this one of the sisters and said: "Miss R—, you may have a pound on my horse to-day." That meant that the horse was as good as home and dried. So I said to her, "If Mason tells you on Saturday morning that you can have a pound on, ring me up and tell me; but be sure to say to him, 'Mr. Mason, is Gloaming really a *fast* horse?'"

(Continued on page 12.)



## WOORAK, LIMELIGHT AND GLOAMING

(Continued from page 11.)

Saturday morning came, and soon after eleven the 'phone rang, and I was told that he had said that she might have a pound on, and when she had said to Mason "Is Gloaming really a *fast* horse?" he had replied, "With his weight as it is to-day, Gloaming is probably the fastest horse in the world!" Fancy getting such a tip from the incomparable Mason!

I went to Randwick and when betting opened on the Chelmsford Gloaming was 5 to 1, and, if I remember rightly, he started at that price. He was not favourite; Rebus was. I said not a word to anyone, as I considered the information that I had received was confidential. Years afterwards I told Mason that I had had a good win on Gloaming, and he told me that he had backed him in his first race, but had never backed him afterwards.

There were twenty-one starters, but I watched the horses line up at the barrier with as much confidence as I had watched Woorak in the Epsom.

Gloaming had drawn the inside marble, and Harry Mackellar had put the old grey horse next to the fence so as to steady Gloaming, who was restless. When the tapes went up Gloaming, instead of springing forward, swung round and actually started to run the wrong way. But young D. O'Connor did not lose his head, he turned him quickly and began a long, stern chase, as Gloaming was six lengths behind the last horse in the field. Gradually he bridged the gap, and at the distance he was in the front line. O'Connor then let him go, and he won by eight lengths in 1.52 sec., which made a new Australasian record. Rebus, who won the Epsom three weeks later, was second, and Kenquhair third.

I got the beautiful picture. The Art Gallery asked me to loan it to the Gallery for a year. I then had it for years, and finally presented it to the Sydney University, where it now hangs in the Senate Room.

## Handball

Forty-three members have entered and already over 70 games have been played in the opening handicap handball tournament for the "Spear Chief" Trophy, presented by Mr. Joe Harris. In order to speed up the competition, the Handball Club Committee desires it to be known that all competitors who intend continuing must play at least five games by June 10th.

On the completion of the present tournament the "A," "B" and "C" Grade Club Championships will be contested.

Club Secretary Sam Block and Handicapper Bill Tebbutt are on duty again this season in their old jobs, and the captain is again G. S. Williams.

Major Penfold and Bill Tebbutt put up one remarkable game which ran to close on 100 games, but for an amazing recovery Eddie Davis' performance against Lieberman takes beating. At one stage Davis was down 4-30, but ended up a winner 32-30.

Below are given the handicaps of all players, together with their performances to date.

W. A. Tebbutt (owes 15), won 4 lost 0; E. E. Davis (owes 15), 5-0; A. S. Block (owes 15), 1-2; A. E. Rainbow (owes 6), 0-0; L. Israel (owes 4), 0-0; I. Stanford (owes 4), 4-0; A. E. Pick (owes 4), 0-0; E. S. Pratt (owes 1), 0-0; F. Lazarus

(owes 1), 3-3; G. S. Williams (scr.), 0-0; N. E. Penfold (scr), 4-3; John Buckle (2), 5-4; E. T. Penfold (2), 7-4; R. J. Withycombe (5), 1-1; J. N. Creer (5), 0-0; I. Green (5), 4-5; E. H. Pratten (5), 2-1; G. S. Goldie (6), 2-3; G. Pratten (6), 0-0; J. Coen (7), 5-4; D. Lake (9), 0-0; W. G. Buckle (9), 0-0; C. Godhard (9), 0-0; H. Robertson (10), 0-0; E. Stocks (10), 0-1; T. A. J. Playfair (10), 2-0; Dr. W. Ingram (10), 1-6; R. C. Wilson (10), 0-0; W. S. Edwards (10), 0-3; R. Morton (10), 4-3; E. Bergin (12), 1-0; N. P. Murphy (12), 3-5; B. Partidge (12), 4-3; N. Barrell (14), 0-0; T. H. English (14), 1-2; A. E. Lawton (15), 0-1; J. Patience (16), 0-0; W. C. Allen (16), 7-4; R. Colyer (18), 2-2; C. Forrest (18), 0-0; L. Webb (18), 2-0; W. Lieberman (18), 5-11; C. Salmon (18), 0-0.

## Golf Notes

The next outing of the Golf Club will take place at Concord Club on Thursday, 15th June next, when a four ball best ball competition will be held.

A programme of events for the coming season will be ready for distribution to members. For the information of members the season will finish in November, instead of February as has been the practice.

Members are asked to assist the executive officers on the 15th June by arranging their own fours as far as possible, but the Honorary Secretary will gladly make arrangements for players unable to make up a four.

As this will be the first outing of the Club, all members are cordially invited and may bring their friends if they desire to do so.

The Committee of the Golf Club hope to see the same large attendance at this and the succeeding outings as have been present at past competition outings.

Members are advised to note specially that the Annual Ball will be held on Saturday, 22nd July, and reservations should be made early.

**SAM  
BIBER  
For FURS**

•

**426 George Street**



## Pool Splashes

This month the first Australian Surf team to have ever gone overseas other than to New Zealand will set sail for Hawaii to test itself against the skill of the Hawaiians in surf events.

It is fitting that it should be Hawaii, for it was from Waikiki Beach there came to Australia the first exponent of surf board riding—Duke Paoa Kahanamoku.

Since Duke exhibited his prowess here, surf boards have become most popular and our exponents most skilled, so skilled, in fact, that they will keep Duke's successors very busy to beat them in Hawaii.

Of course, conditions with the long swells of Waikiki will be vastly different to the broken waves of Sydney beaches, but it should not take our lads long to accustom themselves to the new ideas.

Perhaps the rescue competitions will be more in the nature of exhibitions than anything else, but the whole trip will be one of those things that strengthen the ties of friendship between two countries.

The men selected to make the

trip are a splendid bunch, both physically and socially, and will carry themselves with honour to Australia, both in sporting contests and outside them.

International contests are the heart's blood of sport, and if, as is at present intended, the present trip leads to an exchange of visits, then something really splendid has been inaugurated.

If Robin Biddulph goes to race the Hawaiian champions in the baths, then his tussles with his conqueror in Australia, Nakama, will be eagerly awaited. The trip should do Biddulph a power of good with the 1940 Olympic Games in view, and this likeable young man should be as popular in Hawaii as was Nakama in Australia.

It's certainly a great thing to be a star sportsman these days with the great trips offering. Which reminds us that Tattersall's good swimmer, Vic Richards, has gained the first step towards the English tour by being selected captain of the N.S.W. Rugby Union team which visited Queensland.

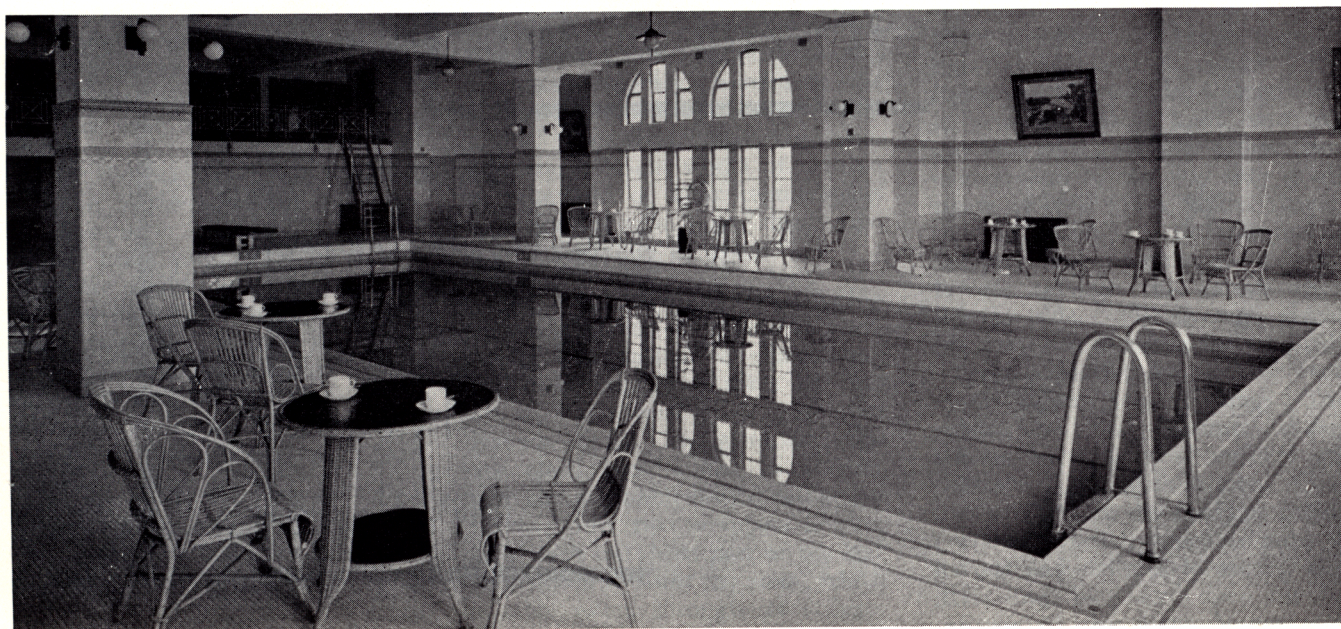
Talking of the English tour, too, calls to mind that another swimmer in Jeff Nosedá, one time life-saver with Coogee Club, has been appointed secretary to the Union team for England.

Tattersall's Swimming Club moved along in fine style during the month, with Dave Tarrant winning his first Point Score Trophy of the season, though Winston Edwards would have probably landed the bacon if he had not been called to the country on business and missed a final.

Surprise of the month was C. L. Parker, the first man to depose Goldie from the limit marker's position. Parker won a 40 yards race in fine style, cutting over two seconds off his handicap, and two weeks later he won a heat in time over a second better than his previous best. If he keeps that up he'll be 'way down with Vic. Richards soon.

Another good performance was by Bruce Partridge, who won his first race in the club, over 40 yards, and beat Tarrant off the same mark.

*(Continued on page 20.)*



*The Club Swimming Pool.*



# SOCIAL PROGRAMME

**SATURDAY**  
**22nd July**

Tattersall's Club  
Golf Club  
9th Annual Ball



**SATURDAY**  
**19th August**

Tattersall's Club  
Swimming Club  
9th Annual Ball



**SATURDAY**  
**16th Sept.**

Tattersall's Club  
11th  
Annual Ball



# The Softest Consolation

Furnishing the Perfect Finish to a Good Meal



Choice wines are an essential part of a good meal, but connoisseurs agree that a meal does not attain perfection unless it is rounded off by a fine Havana cigar. In no other part of the world has it been possible to grow a tobacco which equals in exquisite aroma and flavour that of Havana. Only the soil and sun of Cuba have been successful in producing it.

Rudyard Kipling wrote:

"And a woman is only a woman,  
But a good cigar is a smoke."

And the praise of Havana cigars has been sung by poets, writers, artists and eminent men, who testify to the inspiration and solace they experience from smoking them.

The first smokers in Europe had their trials and tribulations. We are told that in Switzerland smoking ranked next to adultery as a crime, that in Russia they cut off the nose of anyone found smoking! The Greek Church forbade its use altogether by its members, but neither edicts of the Church, nor decrees by Kings could stem the tide of its popularity, which continued to increase until to-day tobacco is regarded as a necessity of life.

The Havana cigar is a product which is as favoured among cigars as Champagne is among wines, although Cuba produces less than 3 per cent. of the output of leaf tobacco of the world. And but a very small proportion of this output is suitable for the manufacture of the leading brands of cigars of world-wide reputation, for the production of the right leaf is a specialised process.

From the moment the tobacco seed is sown in Cuba, it is tended as carefully as a child. The seedlings are protected by brush from heavy rainstorms and scorching sun, and as soon as they are strong

enough to stand alone, they are thinned out and transplanted into hillocked rows, about 1,600 plants to the acre. Sowing takes place in November, and the plants are ready for harvesting in February.

The leaves, when gathered, are handled separately, being sewn together in pairs and strung over thin poles which are removed to barns, and the tobacco is then left to dry for four or five weeks. Then comes fermentation, for which operation the leaves are removed from the poles and placed in piles, which brings out the flavour and aroma of the tobacco. After many other processes, they are packed into bales covered with palm leaves, and the tobacco is then stored for maturing. Havana tobacco improves with age, and is generally left in these bales for an average of three years before use.

When tobacco is required for manufacture, the centre stalk is stripped, and sometimes as many as 27 different grades of leaves are combined before a perfect blend of filler is obtained. Records of blends are most jealously guarded by the factories, and are their secret formulae. First-class factories generally carry sufficient stocks of tobacco to take care of their requirements for three or four years, thus securing a continuity of blend.

The next process is the stripping of the wrappers. It should be mentioned here that all operations are by hand; machinery takes no part in the manufacture of imported Havana cigars. The wrapper leaves are elastic and silken in texture, with a clear, unblemished colour. In Havana only two wrappers are cut from each leaf; that part of the leaf farthest away from the stem, which is most suited through its delicate texture. Wrapper leaves are very expensive, fine selected wrappers

costing as much as 800 dollars per bale, sufficient to wrap about 20,000 cigars.

The final process is performed by Cuban workmen while listening to their reader, who sits aloft in a small pulpit reading aloud the day's news from the paper, or perhaps one of the classics or a Spanish novel. The readers are interesting characters. Often they are orators of some local note, and it is surprising how well informed the average cigar worker is in consequence of this custom. Of late years wireless has also been introduced. The average Havana workman will make about 100 medium-size cigars per day. Every cigar maker receives six cigars free per day; the Havana manufacturers believing in the biblical teaching: "Do not muzzle the ox that treads the corn."

Visitors to a Havana cigar factory find the selecting room most interesting. Here the "escogidor," or selector, works. It is his duty to receive the cigars from the benches when finished and grade them in the various shades of colour. The cigars are laid out on a large table in a strong north light, and one sees how keen a sense of colour these men possess by the way they grade cigars in their many shades (usually about 32). It is difficult for an inexperienced person to see any difference between the parcels lying side by side. The average visitor can only detect differences of shade in piles separated by three or even more intermediate gradings. The reason for this intricate colour scheme is to give a uniform appearance to all cigars in a box. Connoisseurs prefer the medium colour (*colorado claro*), which is mild in flavour and delicate in aroma, and stress must be placed upon the excellence of this light brown leaf.

(Continued on page 20.)



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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## SYDNEY

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# Billiard Tournament

250 up

FIRST PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £15

SECOND PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £6

THIRD PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £4

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# Snooker Tournament

All Heats to be decided on One Game only.  
Semi-Finals and Finals best Two out of Three Games.

FIRST PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £15

SECOND PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £6

THIRD PRIZE . . . . . Trophy valued £4

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The above Tournaments will be played in the Billiard  
Room and will commence on

**TUESDAY, 4th JULY, 1939**

**ENTRIES** close at 4 p.m. on **MONDAY, 12th JUNE, 1939**  
**Handicaps**, 16th June; **Acceptances**, 23rd June; **Draw**, 26th June

- Entrance Fee for each Tournament, 2/6
- Acceptance Fee for each Tournament, 2/6

Four days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit in the First Round; thereafter players will be given three days' notice.

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round.

The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament.

To suit the convenience of members, games will be arranged for afternoon or evening. Any member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps or acceptances.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.



# Billiards and Snooker

Members will no doubt have noticed a billiards shot depicted by the famous Ripley in one of his recent drawings. The "Believe It Or Not" man declared the shot impossible to which anyone who has ever handled a cue will heartily agree. The stroke in question is depicted on this page. But one cannot imagine what Ripley would have said about the shot shown in the second diagram, which was played on our own match table by world's champion Walter Lindrum. It was not as intended.

The drawing is true in detail, and, fortunately, was recorded by Cinesound Review for its weekly gazette. No doubt it could be arranged for any "Doubting Thomases" to secure a private filming, although it was shown throughout the Commonwealth two winters back. The cue-ball went through the opening twice without touching!

Snooker players will get a "kick" out of a recent happening in England as told by Alex. Mann, who is probably next to Joe Davis and Horace Lindrum in point of ability.

"A player at snooker was 20 behind and on the blue. He potted blue and then left a snooker on pink behind black. He went to the board to take his score, and while his back was turned his opponent took his stroke. Turning quickly at the click of the balls the first player noted the balls in motion.

"Seven away?"

"What for?" asked the opponent.

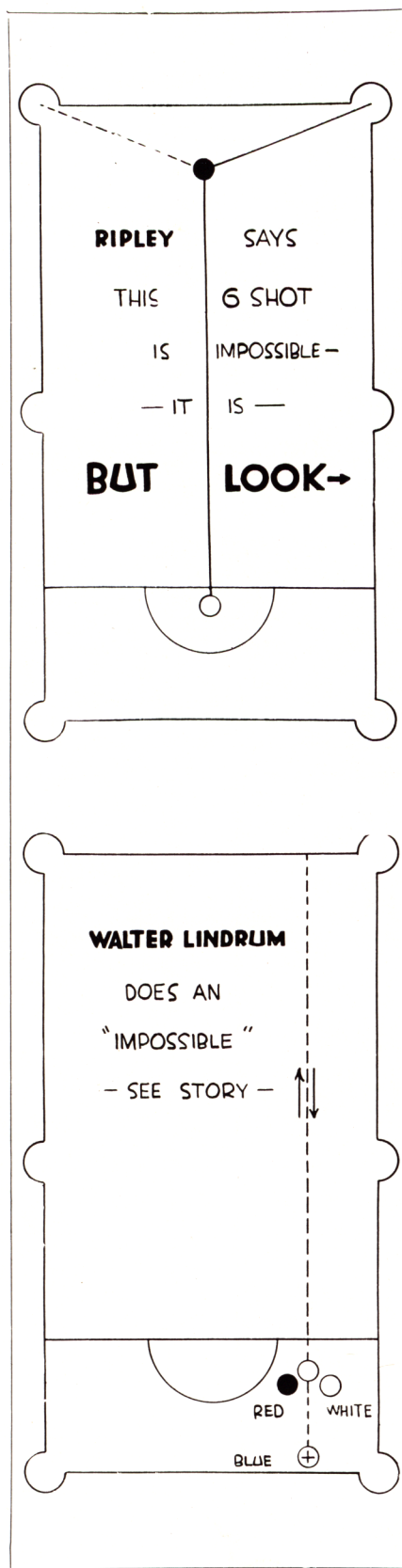
"You hit the black."

"But you weren't looking."

"No," relied No. 1, "but I could tell by the sound."

Obviously those chaps were not playing a "club" game. Which reminds me that when Joe Davis and Walter Lindrum were playing in Sydney some four years back, the Australian XI. was engaged in a Test match at Manchester and, between breaks, the players would huddle close to a wireless set in an adjoining room. Both are inveterate cricket fans.

Modus operandi was something like the following. Lindrum, say, would break down after having



scored a run of 876 or thereabouts. Davis would take his position at the table and so soon as he got the balls "behaving," his opponent would quietly slip away to hear how Grimmer and O'Reilly were faring 12,000 miles away. And, here is the point, believe it or not.

Only the click of the balls could be heard except for the marker calling the scores.

Then suddenly Walter would exclaim: "Joe's in trouble. He's lost the red ball in baulk." This happened on innumerable occasions throughout days of play and never once was the champion in error, which caused the Englishman to remark when addressing Walter: "You don't have to watch anyone to know how he is getting on. All you have to do is to listen-in!"

Maybe there was something in Mann's snooker story after all.

Some very interesting games have been played in the club of late, and four-handed snooker has proved very popular. Friendly challenges have also been rife, and what with new cloths, new balls and reconditioned cues, everyone is happy and looking forward to those annual contests when everything is one hundred per cent. excepting the handicappers' judgment. That can never be expected to be correct. Writer often wonders what mark we would give ourselves—whether our ideas would be flattering to our ability, or undignified.

Anyway, it won't be long now, when we will vie one with the other for supremacy. Many a keen tussle is in the offing, and, with good comradeship abounding on all sides, what could we wish for more?

The following is to settle an argument which cropped up during the month.

A player at billiards was firing from the D. He struck too lightly and the ball did not go out of baulk. He wanted to know if he could play the stroke again. The reply is a very emphatic negative. He had not only given a miss, but also created a foul, and his opponent had the option of playing from where the balls lay or having them spotted and playing from hand.



# DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

## JUNE — DECEMBER — 1939

### JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 3rd  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 7th  
Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 10th  
Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 12th  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 14th  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 17th  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 21st  
Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 24th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 28th

### JULY.

Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 1st  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 5th  
Moorefield ..... Saturday, 8th  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 12th  
Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 15th  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 19th  
Ascot ..... Saturday, 22nd  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 26th  
Moorefield ..... Saturday, 29th

### AUGUST.

Kensington ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 5th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Monday, 7th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 9th

### AUGUST—Continued

Rosebery ..... Saturday, 12th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 16th  
Moorefield ..... Saturday, 19th  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 26th  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 30th

### SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 2nd  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 6th  
Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 9th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 13th  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 16th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Wed., 20th  
Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 23rd  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 27th  
Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 30th

### OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club, Monday, 2nd  
(Eight-Hours Day)  
Australian Jockey Club ..... Wed., 4th  
Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 7th  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 11th  
City Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 14th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 18th

### OCTOBER—Continued.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 21st  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 25th  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 28th

### NOVEMBER.

Kensington ..... Wednesday, 1st  
Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 4th  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 8th  
Moorefield ..... Saturday, 11th  
Ascot ..... Wednesday, 15th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th  
Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 22nd  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 25th  
Hawkesbury ..... Wednesday, 29th

### DECEMBER.

Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 2nd  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Wed., 6th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 9th  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 13th  
Rosehill ..... Saturday, 16th  
Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 20th  
Australian Jockey Club, Saturday, 23rd  
Australian Jockey Club, Tuesday, 26th  
(Boxing Day)  
Kensington ..... Wednesday, 27th  
Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 30th

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## The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda  
Historical Feature

SERIES No. 37.



(Photo. by Govt. Printer.)

Illustration Acknowledgement

### WILLIAM FARRER AND WHEAT DEVELOPMENT

**T**HE growing of wheat was one of the first tasks to engage the attention of the early settlers of New South Wales, and very little time elapsed from the establishment of the settlement at Sydney Cove to the cultivation of land in preparation for the sowing of the first crop of wheat. Naturally, operations began on a very small scale, but expansion was comparatively rapid. The first harvest of any consequence was gathered at Rose Hill (Parramatta) in December, 1789. Two years later 1000 acres were cleared and in cultivation, the greater part devoted to wheat. In 1793 the wheat harvest yielded 14,000 bushels of wheat, and more than 3300 acres were devoted to cultivation of this particular crop.

**T**his wheat, however, was by no means of high quality. It originated in ordinary English grain brought out by the early fleets, and was cultivated on old-established English principles. The old world methods of sowing, and grain which was unsuited to the climatic differences existing in New South Wales, resulted in numerous difficulties which were not to be overcome for a great number of years. In 1803 the rust first made its appearance in Australian wheat and resulted in heavy losses.

**P**RACTICALLY nothing was done to improve the quality of wheat in this country, or to increase its diseases and parasite resisting properties, until the advent of the famous Farrer experiments. William James Farrer came to New South Wales in 1870 from England as the result of continued ill-health. For some years he was engaged in various pursuits (first as tutor, then in mining, and again as surveyor) before he turned his attention to the improvement of wheat. In 1898, at a meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, Farrer told the reasons which prompted him to enter this field — "The idea of making improvements in the wheat plant was taken hold of as early as 1882, when I had a controversy with 'The Australasian' newspaper on the possibility and best manner of securing

varieties of wheat which would satisfactorily resist rust. It was the consideration I gave to the subject during that controversy which convinced me that an opening existed here for useful work, and that work I determined to take in hand if ever an opportunity should be given me. The principles on which the work should be carried on were then seen clearly, and everything which has been done since has been nothing more than a natural development of the views which were formed then."

**T**HE first of Farrer's experimental work began in 1885, but it was performed under difficulties, and it was not until the following year that he was able to begin his self-imposed task in earnest. His first attempts at the cross-breeding of wheats obtained from countries all over the world began in 1889. Some idea of the importance of such experimental work, and the urgent need in which the wheat industry stood, it may be mentioned that 1889 the estimated losses through the ravages of rust amounted to some £2,500,000. In fact, so important did Farrer's work become that, in 1898, he was appointed to the position of Wheat Experimentalist to the Department of Agriculture.

**T**his position was not altogether a congenial one, for Farrer found himself limited in many of his activities and subject to well-intentioned, but not always wise, official interference. Moreover, he had to devote a great deal of time to travelling between the various experimental farms maintained by the Government. It had a bad effect on his health. "In order to get away to the farms," he wrote to a friend in 1902, "I have for months been working all the time I can get out of each day, getting up at six and beginning at 6.30 a.m. The result is that I feel myself in such a condition of staleness that I can hardly struggle on to the finish." In April, 1906, he died, utterly worn out by his efforts. His improvements to wheat, and the results of later experiments along lines suggested by him, have enriched this country to an inestimable extent.

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## RHINE AND MOSELLE WINES

(Continued from page 9.)

varies according to the season of the year, and should be from 47 deg. to 54 deg., but in the case of Rhine wines, and more especially in the case of the finer varieties (particularly in the cold season), it is advisable to serve the wine at the cellar temperature, unless that is unreasonably high.

With regard to the capsule, this can either be removed as far as the rim of the bottle, or be entirely removed and the top of the cork carefully wiped, so that no extraneous matter may find its way into the bottle and cause the wine to be condemned.

It is a good plan never to fill a wine glass more than about three-quarters full. In fact, it would be better to err on the other side, as no wine can show its beauty of bouquet if the glass be full to the brim. One should pay particular attention not to shake up the contents of the bottle when passing from glass to glass, as this is easily done by bringing the bottle up into the perpendicular position hurriedly each time.

In older vintages of German wines one sometimes finds small "floaters" (which are called "dry fliers" and are analogous to "bees wing" in port), but they do not affect the quality and soundness of the wine in any way.

Many of your readers have, no doubt, seen German wines quoted at what might appear ridiculously high prices. While such wines can, of course, never be a daily beverage, it is, on occasion, well worth while to hazard the extra expense of a really fine example of what a German wine *can* be when produced under exceptional conditions in a fine vintage year.

To my mind, the ideal occasion on which to drink such a wine is towards the end of dinner, as a dessert wine, and, undoubtedly, the acme of enjoyment would be to sip half a glass of such nectar to the accompaniment of a fine pear, apple or peach.

## POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from page 13.)

### Dewar Cup.

There are only six more races to be swum to complete the 1938-39 season, and to decide the destination of the Dewar Cup, so it looks like George Goldie gaining his objective—to win the famous trophy. Since last month Dave Tarrant has picked up a few points, but Goldie still has a 13½ points lead.

Points to date are:—G. Goldie 164½, C. D. Tarrant 151, J. Dexter 119, W. S. Edwards 106, V. Richards 87½, C. Godhard 78½, T. H. English 70, A. Pick 56, A. S. Block 51½.

### Club Races.

April 20th:—40 yards Handicap: B. F. Partridge (24) 1, C. D. Tarrant (24) 2, W. S. Edwards (21) 3. Time, 23 3/5 secs.

April 27th:—60 yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (39) 1, W. S. Edwards (36) 2, G. Goldie (52) 3. Time, 38 secs.

May 4th:—40 yards Handicap: C. L. Parker (34) 1, G. Goldie (33) 2, C. D. Tarrant (24) 3. Time, 31 3/5 secs.

May 11th:—40 yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (24) 1, T. H. English (25) 2, G. Goldie (32) 3. Time, 23 secs.

May 18th:—40 yards Handicap—1st Heat: C. L. Parker (32) 1, W. S. Edwards (22) 2, C. D. Tarrant (23) 3. Time, 30 1/5 secs. 2nd Heat: T. H. English (25) 1, G. Goldie (32) 2, J. Dexter (23) 3. Time, 23 3/5 secs. Result of the final will be published next issue.

April-May Point Score: C. D. Tarrant, 25 points, 1; W. S. Edwards, 24, and G. Goldie, 24, tie, 2; J. Dexter, 11, 4.

May-June Point Score:—With two races and a final to complete it, the leaders in this series are:—T. H. English 12, C. D. Tarrant 11, G. Goldie 10, C. L. Parker 5, W. S. Edwards 4.

## 'THE SOFTEST CONSOLATION'

(Continued from Page 15.)

There are, unfortunately, a number of Havana cigars exported under little-known brands, which are in many cases of inferior quality, although not lower in price than the goods of the standard Havana brands which are of world-wide renown and dependable.

A few hints on storing cigars may be of interest. Artificial heat should be avoided at all cost. The best way to keep cigars is to store them in a cupboard in a living room, it being imperative, however, that this cupboard should be against an inside wall, not too near the fireplace. Havana cigars should be kept in a receptacle exclusively devoted to them, as tobacco absorbs any scent to which it is exposed. A cigar, generally speaking, is at its best two years after shipment, and it retains this perfect condition for two or three years, after which there is a tendency for flavour and aroma to deteriorate.

Fine cigars should be smoked slowly, otherwise combustion would be imperfect and the greater part of the delicate aroma lost. An important fact with regard to Cuban tobacco, from which Havana cigars are made, is that it contains less nicotine than any other known tobacco; also the active poison, furfural, is entirely absent from these cigars. Unquestionably they are the most healthful form in which to enjoy tobacco. The Government of Cuba guarantees the genuineness of Havana cigars by means of an official label (green in colour) with which it is obligatory for manufacturers to seal each box before export.

"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from Heaven," wrote Bulwer Lytton, and that "softest consolation" is provided by a gift of a box of fine Havanas in which each cigar is a reminder of the discrimination and goodwill of the donor.



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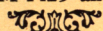
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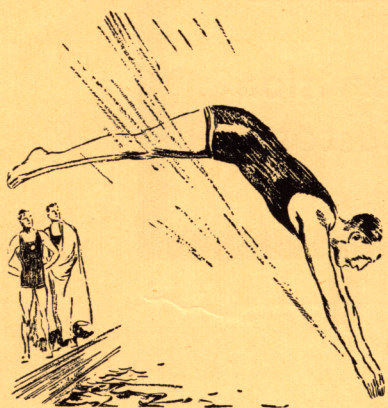
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